MARVEL LEGACY
THE MIDNIGHT KING RETURNS TO EARTH
9
BLACK BOLT™
AHMED
WARD
CJW

BLACK BOLT

is the king of the Inhumans, an off-splinter of humanity imbued with amazing abilities. But these gifts sometimes come with a price: Black Bolt's slightest whisper can shatter mountains. His voice has destroyed many lives, but it has saved countless others.

When the Silent King speaks, the world hears him.

After abdicating the throne, Black Bolt spent months being tortured in an alien prison, thanks to the treachery of his brother, Maximus the Mad. He and his fellow prisoners broke free and destroyed the psychotic Jailer, but freedom came at a cost. Crusher Creel, a.k.a. the Absorbing Man—a villain to some, and yet a friend to Black Bolt in that strange place—lost his life in the battle.

With a heavy heart, Black Bolt returned to Earth, accompanied by the teleporting dog Lockjaw and the psychic alien child Blinky. After making peace with the Inhumans' fledgling democracy, Black Bolt headed to the Bronx to fulfill his last promise to Crusher: To pass on news of his death to his wife, the sometime super villain Titania.

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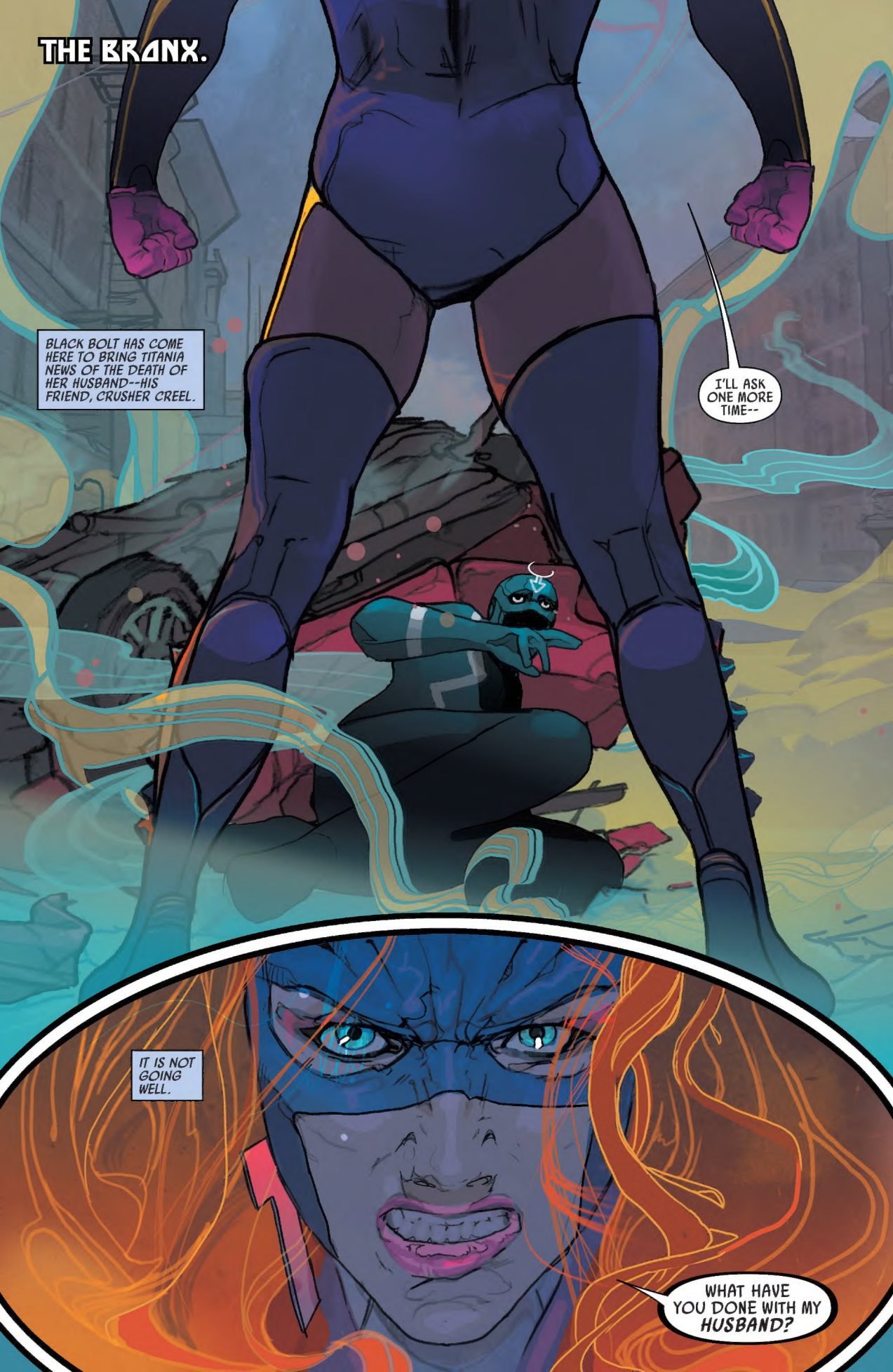
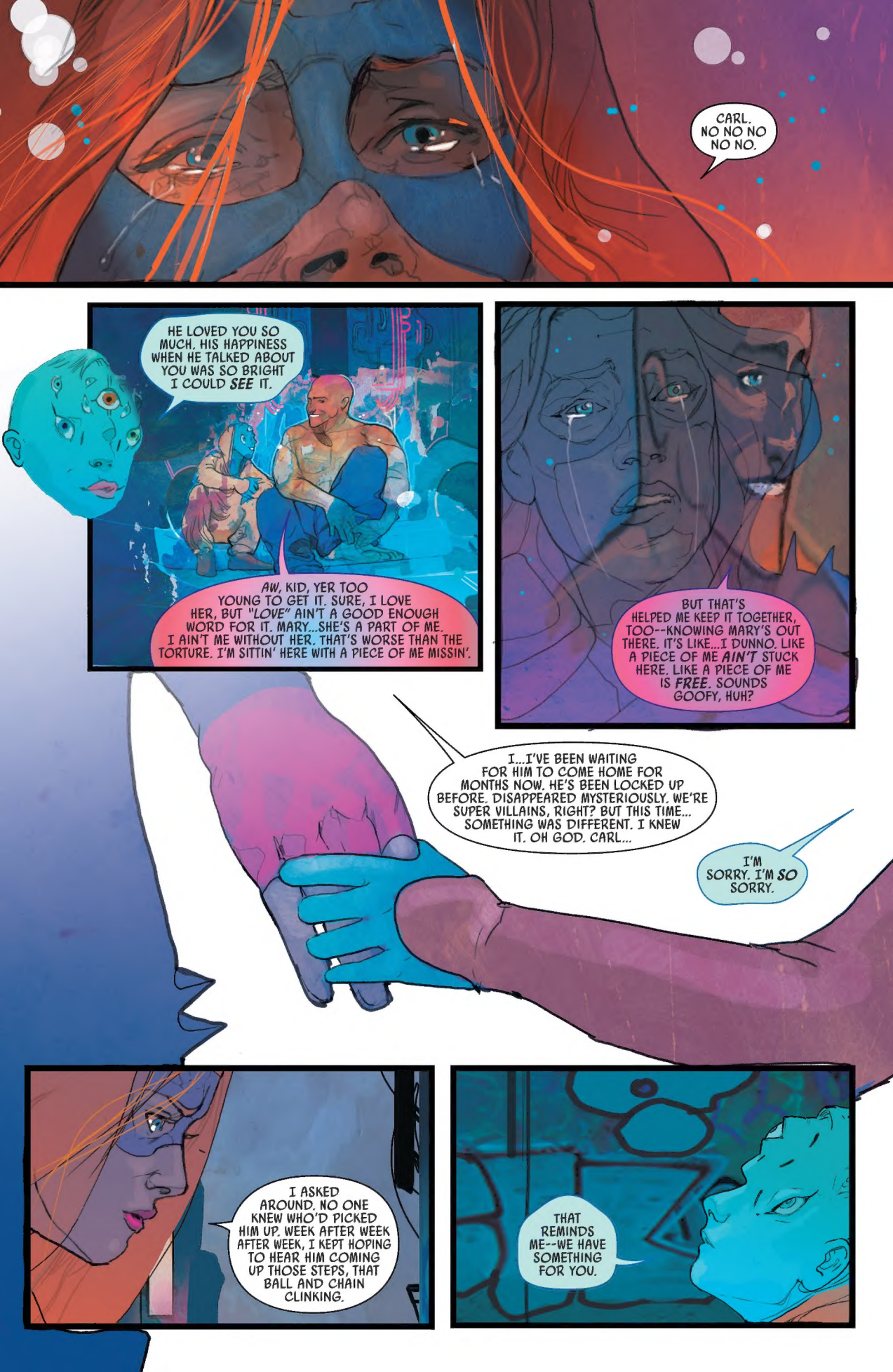
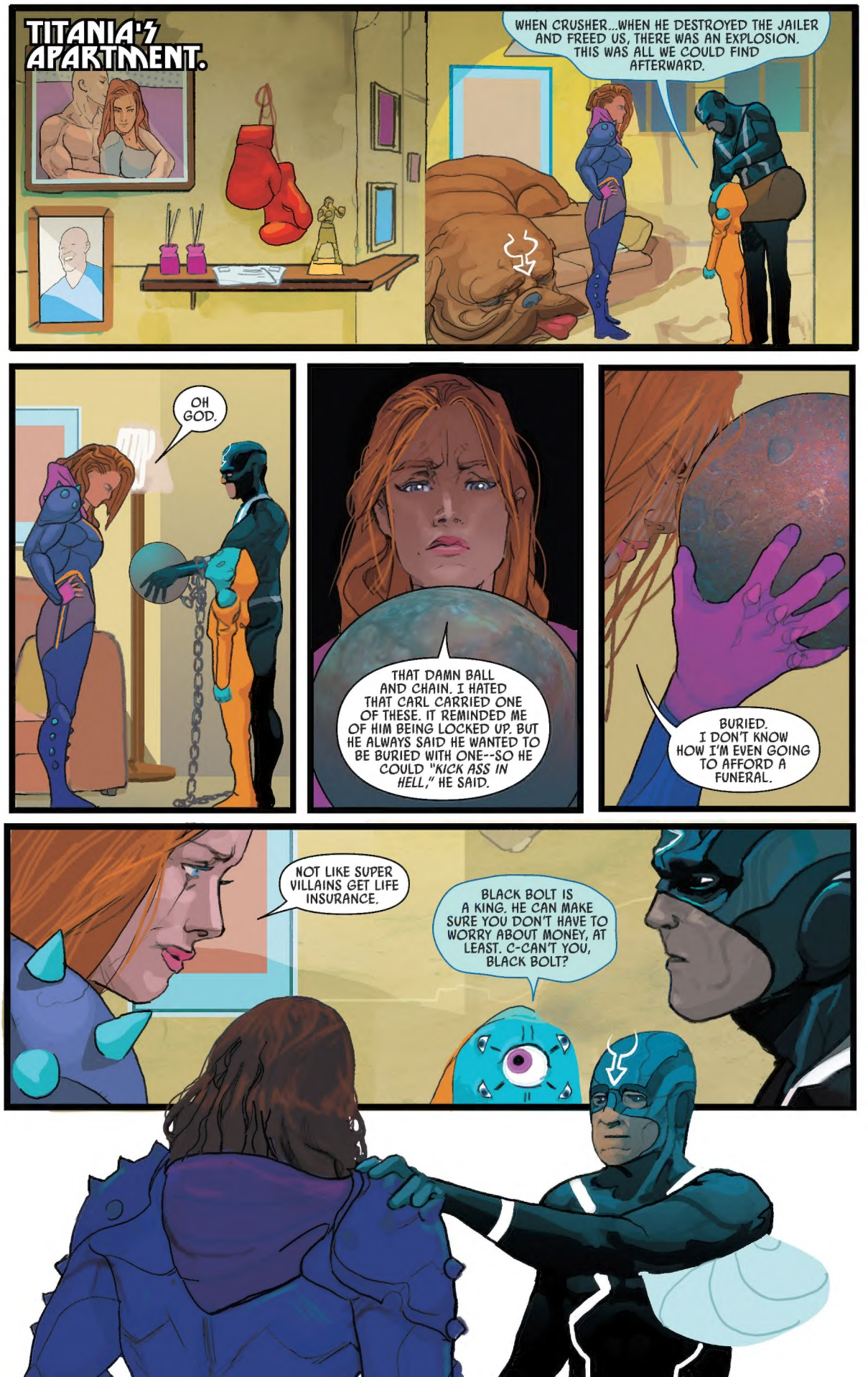

THE BRONX.
BLACK BOLT HAS COME HERE TO BRING TITANIA NEWS OF THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND--HIS FRIEND, CRUSHER CREEL.
I'LL ASK ONE MORE TIME--
IT IS NOT GOING WELL.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY HUSBAND?

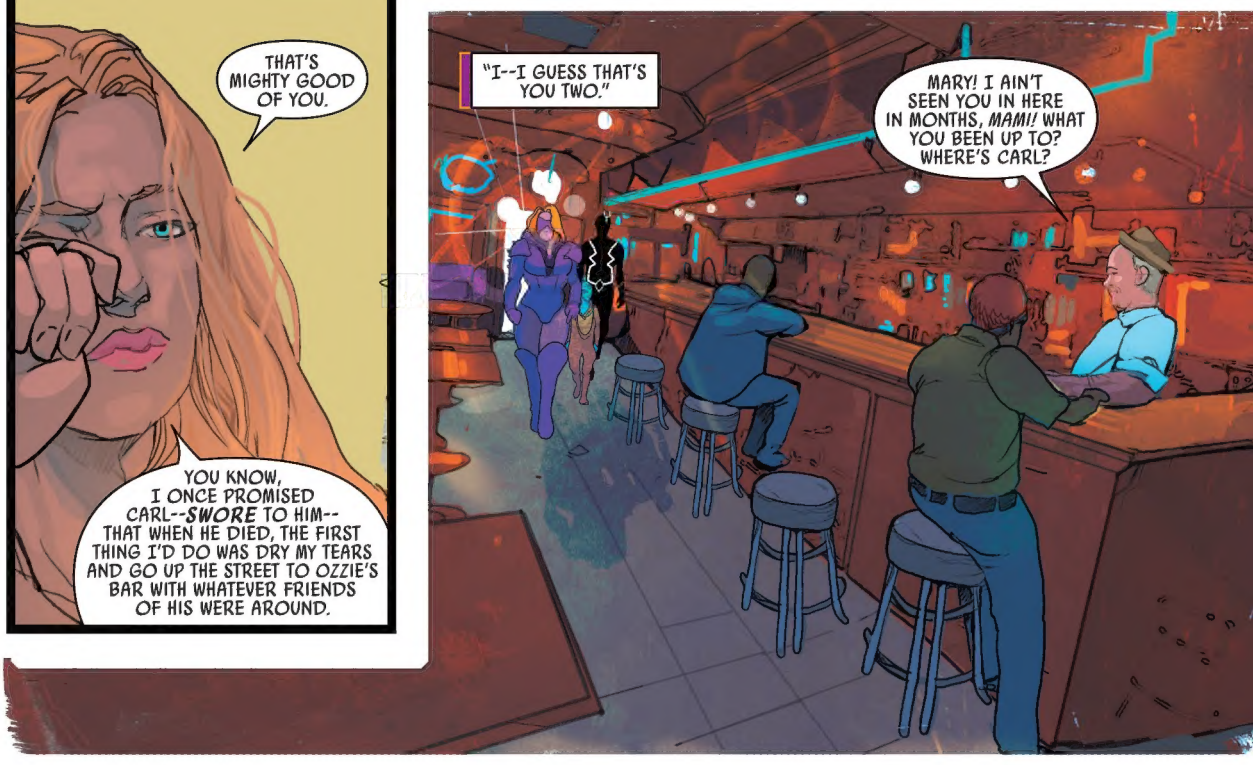
MRS. CRUSHER'S WIFE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS IS BLACK BOLT. HE--
YEAH, YEAH. ANOTHER DAMN "HERO" HERE TO MESS UP MY LIFE. WHAT'RE YOU, HIS SIDEKICK? WHO THE HELL HAS A SIDEKICK ANYMORE? AND A SUPER-DOG, TOO?
THIS IS BETWEEN US ADULTS. NOW, LAST CHANCE--
--WHERE THE $@#% IS CARL?

YOU BULLIES LOCKED HIM UP AGAIN, DIDN'T YOU?
AND NOW YOU'RE HERE FOR ME?
IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TEACHING YOUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE?
SHOWING HER HOW THE BIG TOUGH HEROES PUT AWAY "BAD PEOPLE"?
WHACK
UNH!

GRRRR...
I KNOW, LOCKJAW, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO HURT HER. I HAVE TO GET HER TO LISTEN. CAN YOU GET US IN BETWEEN THEM?
WOOF!
FWAUM
PLEASE STOP THIS, BOTH OF YOU! CRUSHER WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THIS!
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT CARL WOULD--
W-WAIT...YOU SAID "WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED." LIKE...LIKE PAST TENSE? OH GOD. OH GOD. NO. NO...
I'M BLINKY. CRUSHER AND I WERE IMPRISONED TOGETHER IN SPACE. TORTURED. CRUSHER SAVED MY LIFE. A LOT OF US WOULD BE DEAD IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM.
PLEASE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING WITH MY INNER EYE.
YOU FIND MARY. YOU TELL HER THAT HER MAN DIDN'T LEAVE HER. TELL HER THEY HAD KIDS IN HERE.


CARL. NO NO NO NO NO.
HE LOVED YOU SO MUCH. HIS HAPPINESS WHEN HE TALKED ABOUT YOU WAS SO BRIGHT I COULD SEE IT.
AW, KID, YER TOO YOUNG TO GET IT. SURE, I LOVE HER, BUT "LOVE" AIN'T A GOOD ENOUGH WORD FOR IT. MARY...SHE'S A PART OF ME. I AIN'T ME WITHOUT HER. THAT'S WORSE THAN THE TORTURE. I'M SITTIN' HERE WITH A PIECE OF ME MISSIN'.
BUT THAT'S HELPED ME KEEP IT TOGETHER, TOO--KNOWING MARY'S OUT THERE. IT'S LIKE...I DUNNO. LIKE A PIECE OF ME AIN'T STUCK HERE. LIKE A PIECE OF ME IS FREE. SOUNDS GOOFY, HUH?
I...I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HIM TO COME HOME FOR MONTHS NOW. HE'S BEEN LOCKED UP BEFORE. DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY. WE'RE SUPER VILLAINS, RIGHT? BUT THIS TIME... SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. I KNEW IT. OH GOD. CARL...
I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.
I ASKED AROUND. NO ONE KNEW WHO'D PICKED HIM UP. WEEK AFTER WEEK AFTER WEEK, I KEPT HOPING TO HEAR HIM COMING UP THOSE STEPS, THAT BALL AND CHAIN CLINKING.
THAT REMINDS ME--WE HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.


TITANIA'S APARTMENT.
WHEN CRUSHER...WHEN HE DESTROYED THE JAILER AND FREED US, THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION. THIS WAS ALL WE COULD FIND AFTERWARD.
OH GOD.
THAT DAMN BALL AND CHAIN. I HATED THAT CARL CARRIED ONE OF THESE. IT REMINDED ME OF HIM BEING LOCKED UP. BUT HE ALWAYS SAID HE WANTED TO BE BURIED WITH ONE--SO HE COULD "KICK ASS IN HELL," HE SAID.
BURIED. I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M EVEN GOING TO AFFORD A FUNERAL.
NOT LIKE SUPER VILLAINS GET LIFE INSURANCE.
BLACK BOLT IS A KING. HE CAN MAKE SURE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY, AT LEAST. C-CAN'T YOU, BLACK BOLT?

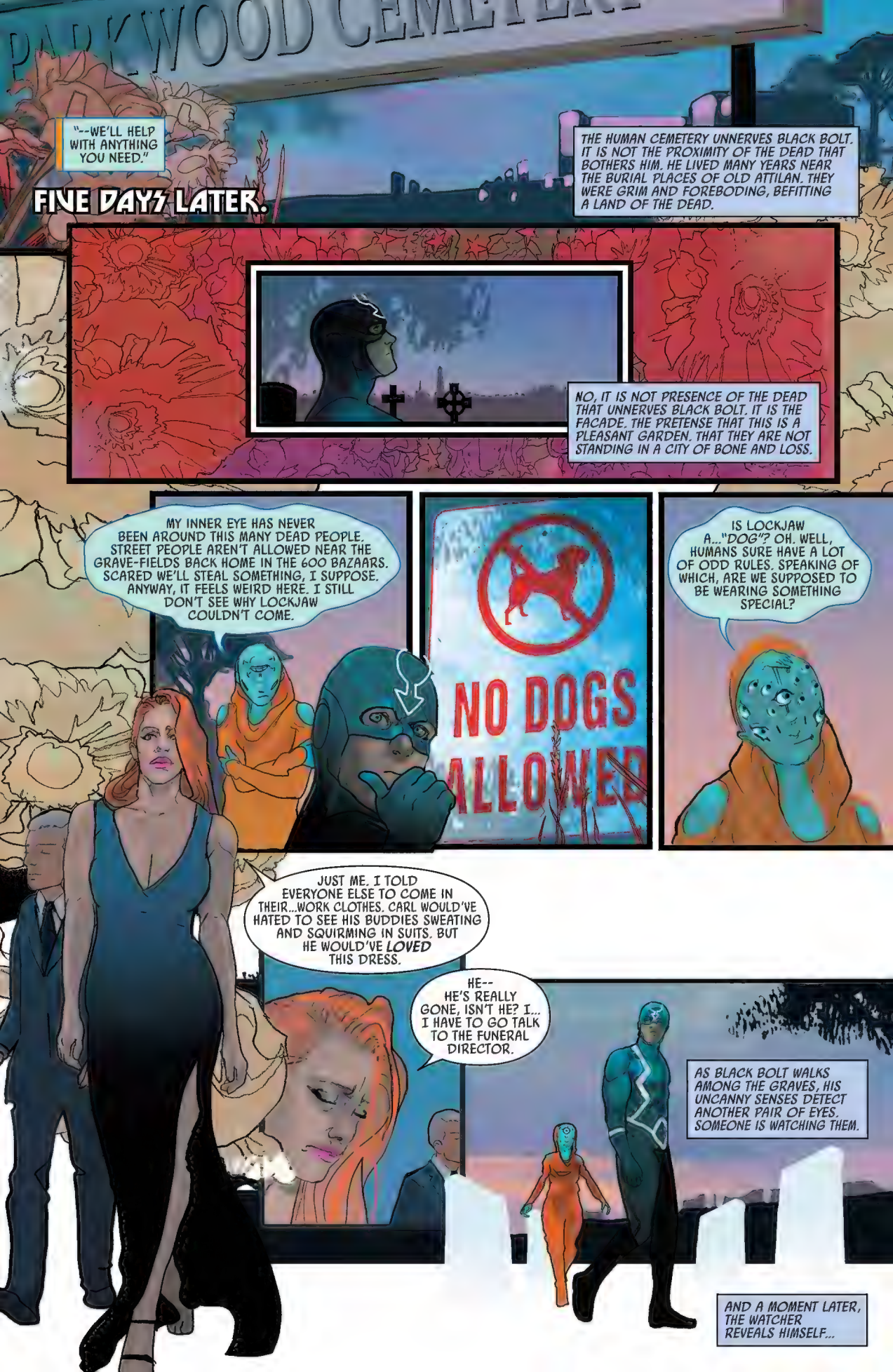

THAT'S MIGHTY GOOD OF YOU.
YOU KNOW, I ONCE PROMISED CARL--*SWORE* TO HIM-- THAT WHEN HE DIED, THE FIRST THING I'D DO WAS DRY MY TEARS AND GO UP THE STREET TO OZZIE'S BAR WITH WHATEVER FRIENDS OF HIS WERE AROUND.
"I--I GUESS THAT'S YOU TWO."
MARY! I AIN'T SEEN YOU IN HERE IN MONTHS, *MAMI!* WHAT YOU BEEN UP TO? WHERE'S CARL?

CARL... CARL'S DEAD, OZZIE.
W-WHAT? NOT CARL! FOR *REAL?*
FOR REAL, OZZIE.
HOW? WHO DID IT?
SOME GUY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY. HE'S DEAD NOW, TOO, I GUESS.

MARY, I'M SORRY. *CARL?* DAMN.
LOOK AT ME CRYIN'. IT'S JUST...YOU KNOW THAT I KNEW THAT MAN SINCE HE WAS A PUP. SINCE BACK IN HIS BOXING DAYS. BEFORE HE GOT ALL MESSED UP WITH PEOPLE LIKE...

CRIMINALS? PEOPLE LIKE ME?
NAH, *MAMI.* NOT LIKE YOU. MEETING YOU SAVED THAT MAN'S LIFE. STRAIGHT UP.
FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT ENDED UP DOING...

MOMENTS LATER...


"--WE'LL HELP WITH ANYTHING YOU NEED."
FIVE DAYS LATER.
THE HUMAN CEMETERY UNNERVES BLACK BOLT. IT IS NOT THE PROXIMITY OF THE DEAD THAT BOTHERS HIM. HE LIVED MANY YEARS NEAR THE BURIAL PLACES OF OLD ATTILAN. THEY WERE GRIM AND FOREBODING, BEFITTING A LAND OF THE DEAD.
NO, IT IS NOT PRESENCE OF THE DEAD THAT UNNERVES BLACK BOLT. IT IS THE FACADE. THE PRETENSE THAT THIS IS A PLEASANT GARDEN. THAT THEY ARE NOT STANDING IN A CITY OF BONE AND LOSS.
MY INNER EYE HAS NEVER BEEN AROUND THIS MANY DEAD PEOPLE. STREET PEOPLE AREN'T ALLOWED NEAR THE GRAVE-FIELDS BACK HOME IN THE 600 BAZAARS. SCARED WE'LL STEAL SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE. ANYWAY, IT FEELS WEIRD HERE. I STILL DON'T SEE WHY LOCKJAW COULDN'T COME.
NO DOGS ALLOWED
IS LOCKJAW A..."DOG"? OH. WELL, HUMANS SURE HAVE A LOT OF ODD RULES. SPEAKING OF WHICH, ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE WEARING SOMETHING SPECIAL?
JUST ME. I TOLD EVERYONE ELSE TO COME IN THEIR...WORK CLOTHES. CARL WOULD'VE HATED TO SEE HIS BUDDIES SWEATING AND SQUIRMING IN SUITS. BUT HE WOULD'VE LOVED THIS DRESS.
HE-- HE'S REALLY GONE, ISN'T HE? I... I HAVE TO GO TALK TO THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
AS BLACK BOLT WALKS AMONG THE GRAVES, HIS UNCANNY SENSES DETECT ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES. SOMEONE IS WATCHING THEM.
AND A MOMENT LATER, THE WATCHER REVEALS HIMSELF...

BLACK BOLT! WELL, THIS IS A SURPRISE. I HEARD YOU HAD LEFT THE PLANET.
I--I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD... SOME VERY BAD THINGS WERE DONE TO YOUR PEOPLE WHILE YOU WERE GONE. AND THEY WERE DONE IN MY NAME.*
*SEE SECRET EMPIRE.
MY FACE AND MY NAME--MY VERY EXISTENCE--WERE TAKEN FROM ME, BLACK BOLT. I'M SORRIER THAN I CAN SAY FOR THE HARM HYDRA CAUSED THE INHUMANS. AND I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN EVER UNDO IT.
BUT I'M HERE BECAUSE I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF A PLANNED SUPER VILLAIN GATHERING. I ASSUME YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE SAME? HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS?
SUSPICIOUS? WE'RE HERE FOR A FUNERAL. FOR OUR FRIEND, CRUSHER. HI, I'M BLINKY, BY THE WAY. ARE YOU A FRIEND OF BLACK BOLT'S?
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, YOUNG LADY. I--DID YOU SAY CRUSHER? CRUSHER CREEL? THE ABSORBING MAN? HE'S YOUR...I'M SORRY, WAS YOUR FRIEND?
IT'S EASIER...
...JUST TO SHOW YOU.
WELL, MY GOODNESS.

YOUR OUTFIT IS VERY PRETTY, BY THE WAY. THE COLORS ARE BEAUTIFUL.
I... AH, PRETTY? HM. WELL, THANK YOU, YOUNG LADY.

CAPTAIN AMERICA?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? MAKING AN ARREST?
NO, MA'AM. HERE ON A FALSE ALARM, IT WOULD SEEM. I'M SORRY TO HAVE INTRUDED. AND I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

YOU PROBABLY THINK CARL WAS A MONSTER.
MA'AM, IT'S TRUE, I FACED OFF AGAINST YOUR HUSBAND MORE THAN ONCE. HE WAS A LIFELONG CRIMINAL. BUT ACCORDING TO BLACK BOLT AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, THE ABS-- ERR, MR. CREEL--SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO SAVE OTHERS. THAT'S A HERO'S CHOICE, HOWEVER TROUBLED HIS LIFE BEFORE THAT WAS.

I KNOW I DON'T HAVE A RIGHT TO ASK THIS, BUT--W-WOULD YOU STAY? MAYBE SAY A FEW WORDS?
YOU KNOW, CARL THOUGHT YOU WERE A STUFFED SHIRT, BUT HE ADMIRED YOU. HE REALLY DID. HE'D BE BEAMING RIGHT NOW, KNOWING THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA WAS AT HIS FUNERAL.
I CAN PRACTICALLY HEAR HIM--"IF MA COULD ONLY SEE THIS!"

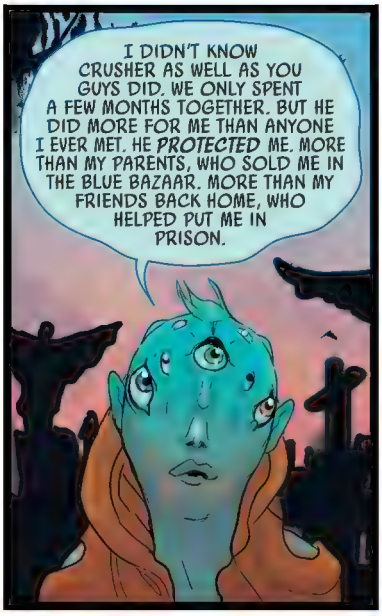
WELL... I DON'T KNOW IF I--

I'D BE HONORED.

THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING. I KNOW CARL--CRUSHER, AS MOST OF YOU KNOW HIM...*KNEW* HIM--HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TO SEE YOU ALL HERE.
CARL'S BODY ISN'T IN THIS CASKET, BUT I'M BURYING THE THINGS HE WANTED BURIED WITH HIM--THE SPORTS SECTION, A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY, HIS BALL AND CHAIN AND...OH GOD... AND MY PICTURE. I...I'M SORRY. THIS IS *HARD*.
CAPTAIN AMERICA? WILL YOU...?
I ONLY KNEW MR. CREEL AS AN ADVERSARY. WE LIVED ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE LAW. NO DOUBT HE HURT MANY PEOPLE.
BUT AT THE LAST, WHEN GIVEN A CHOICE, HE GAVE HIS OWN LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS. TO SAVE *CHILDREN*. IF I CAN'T CONDONE THE LIFE HE LIVED, I CAN AT LEAST SALUTE THE END HE CHOSE. A *HERO'S* END.
NOW, I KNOW CARL HAS FRIENDS HERE, IF ANYONE HAS ANYTHING THEY'D LIKE TO SAY.
THE BRONX WON'T FORGET YOU, CARL. YOU DID SOME ROUGH STUFF, BUT YOU HAD A GOOD HEART. REST IN PEACE.

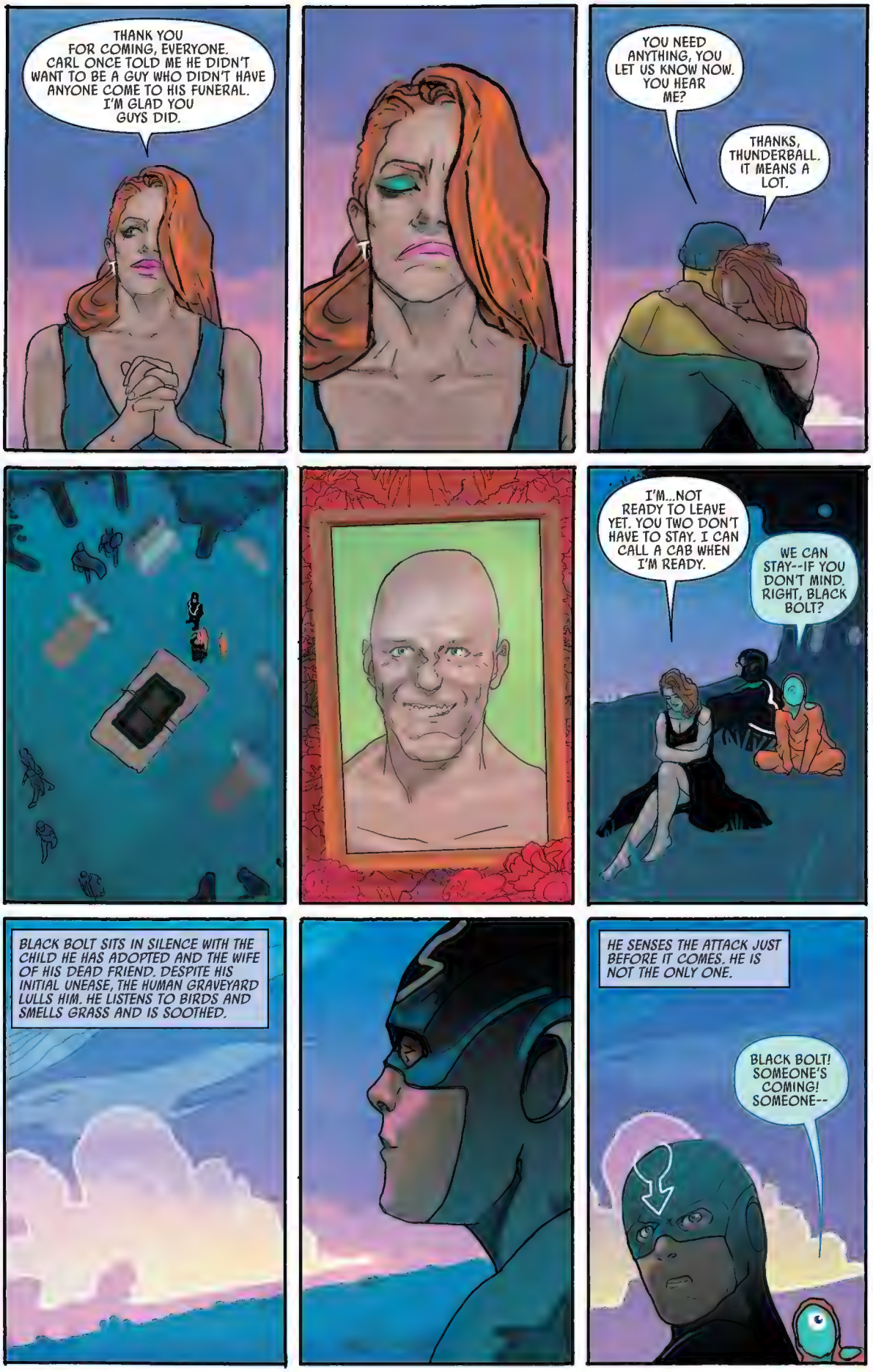
PEACE?! ARE YOUSE TALKING ABOUT THE SAME CRUSHER I KNEW? 'CUZ THE GUY I KNEW WASN'T NO HERO OR NO PRINCE OR WHATEVER. HE WAS AN ASS-KICKER WHO DID WHAT HE SAID HE WOULD DO. A GUY WHO NEVER BACKED DOWN AND NEVER TURNED RAT. MORE THAN MOST OF THESE MUGS OUT HERE CAN SAY.
WE'LL MISS YA, YA BIG GORILLA.
RRRRRUMBLE
WHAT THE--
KRAAAAA-KOOM
THOR! WHAT'S THIS BOZO DOING HERE?
AW, HE AIN'T EVEN THOR ANYMORE. THEY GAVE SOME DAME THE JOB 'CUZ HE COULDN'T CUT IT. HE'S CALLED ODINSON NOW. YOU COMING TO SCRAP DURING A FUNERAL, YOU JERK? CAN'T YOU RESPECT NUTHIN'?
I AIN'T GOIN' BACK TO PRISON!

STAY THY SWORD ARM, BRUTISH ONE, AND LET US HAVE PEACE ON THIS HALLOWED GROUND. FOR I HAVE COME ONLY TO HONOR A FALLEN FOE.
YOU-- YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO SPEAK? YOU WANT TO SPEAK AT CARL'S FUNERAL?
IF YOU WILL PERMIT IT.
OH, FER CRYIN' OUT--
SHUT UP, WRECKER. IF HE WANTS TO SAY A FEW WORDS, CARL... CARL WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT, I THINK.
HE FOLLOWED A DARK PATH, AYE. AND MANY A TIME DID I CURSE HIS NAME. BUT VERILY, NONE OF US IS WITHOUT OUR DARKNESS. I KNOW THIS BETTER THAN MOST.
NONE CAN DOUBT THE PROWESS NOR THE FEARLESSNESS OF THE ABSORBING MAN. I AM MOVED TO HEAR THAT HE DIED NOBLY AND VALIANTLY. MAY HIS TROUBLED SPIRIT FIND REST.



BLACK BOLT'S BREATH CATCHES IN HIS CHEST AS HE HEARS HIS NEW CHARGE SPEAK HIS FEELINGS FOR HIM. MORE THAN ONCE NOW, WITHOUT QUITE REALIZING WHAT SHE IS DOING, THE CHILD HAS SERVED AS HIS VOICE.

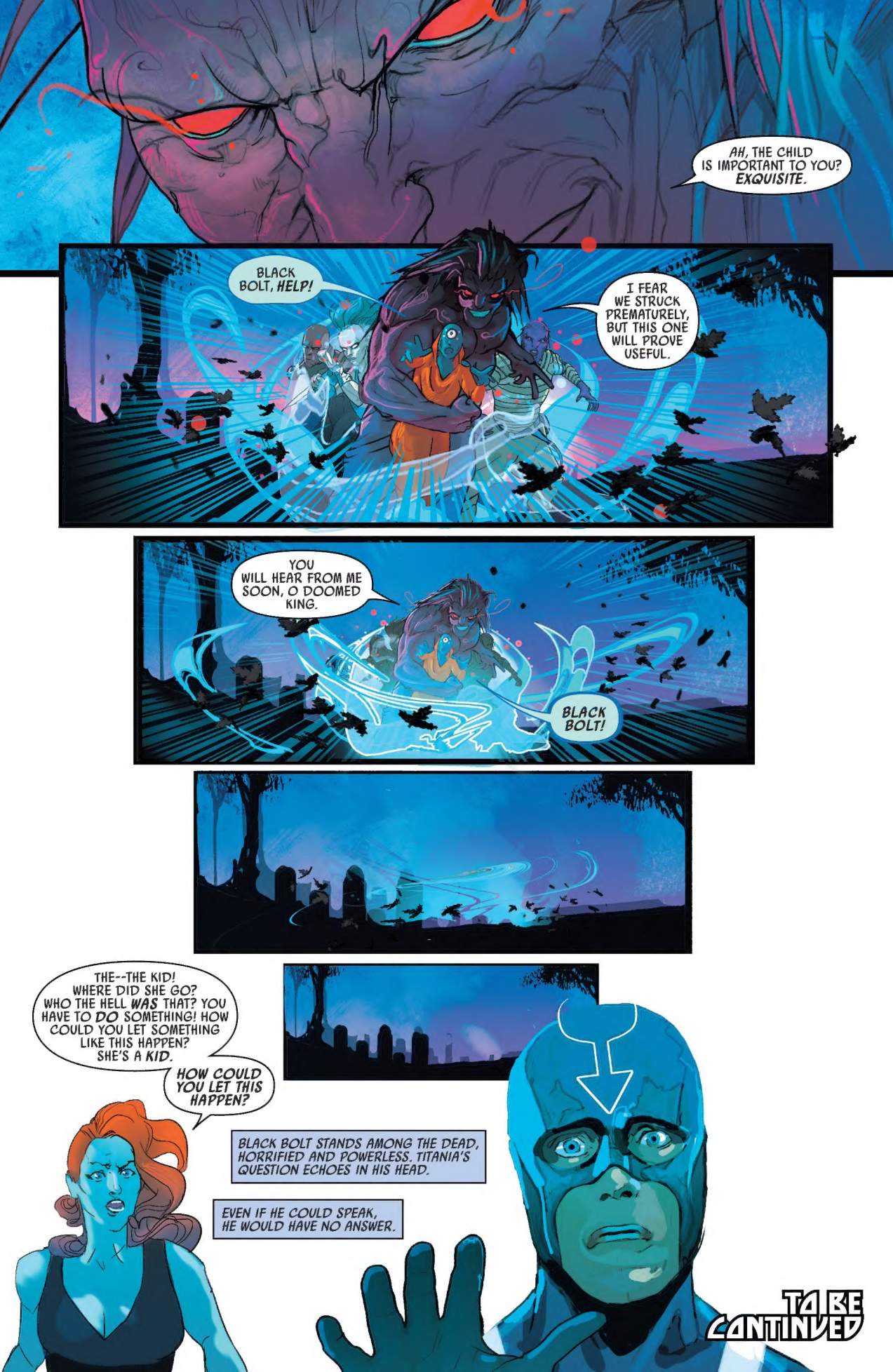
HE IS NOT SURE HOW HE FEELS ABOUT THIS.


THANK YOU FOR COMING, EVERYONE. CARL ONCE TOLD ME HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A GUY WHO DIDN'T HAVE ANYONE COME TO HIS FUNERAL. I'M GLAD YOU GUYS DID.
YOU NEED ANYTHING, YOU LET US KNOW NOW. YOU HEAR ME?
THANKS, THUNDERBALL. IT MEANS A LOT.
I'M...NOT READY TO LEAVE YET. YOU TWO DON'T HAVE TO STAY. I CAN CALL A CAB WHEN I'M READY.
WE CAN STAY--IF YOU DON'T MIND. RIGHT, BLACK BOLT?
BLACK BOLT SITS IN SILENCE WITH THE CHILD HE HAS ADOPTED AND THE WIFE OF HIS DEAD FRIEND. DESPITE HIS INITIAL UNEASE, THE HUMAN GRAVEYARD LULLS HIM. HE LISTENS TO BIRDS AND SMELLS GRASS AND IS SOOTHED.
HE SENSES THE ATTACK JUST BEFORE IT COMES. HE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE.
BLACK BOLT! SOMEONE'S COMING! SOMEONE--

BUT THEY ARE TOO LATE.
ARGH!
UNHHH!
BOOM
IT IS TRUE, THEN, O KING! YOU HAVE RETURNED TO EARTH WEAKENED. SOFT. UNWORTHY OF YOUR PEOPLE. DO YOU REMEMBER ME, O GREAT AND NOBLE MESSIAH?
BLACK BOLT RECOGNIZES THE FOE, THOUGH NOT ALL OF HIS ANGRY COMPANIONS.
HE IS CALLED LASH, HEIR TO THE INHUMAN CITY OF OROLLAN. HE ONCE SOUGHT TO RULE BLACK BOLT'S PEOPLE BY FORCE.

YOU HAVE FAILED INHUMANITY, O KING. YOU HAVE CAST YOUR LOT WITH OUTSIDERS AND OPPRESSORS AND STOOD ASIDE AS YOUR CHARGES DIED. BUT FEAR NOT--I WILL CLAIM THE MANTLE THAT YOU HAVE STAINED. I WILL SAVE OUR PEOPLE.
AFTER YOU ARE DEAD, OF COURSE.
BIND HIM! HE MUST BE SLAIN IN OROLLAN IN THE PROPER MANNER OR ALL IS LOST. KILL THE FEMALES!
HE'S GONNA NEED SOME SOFTENIN' UP!
LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT YOUR TERRIGEN BOMB MADE ME INTO, MISTER &@#$ KING!
LET ME REALLY SHOW YOU!
HEY!
HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME TUSSLE INSTEAD, GRUESOME? I'VE BEEN PUNCHING WALLS FOR THE PAST WEEK AND THAT JUST AIN'T CUTTING IT!
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

BLACK BOLT! LEAVE SOMMA THAT ACTION FOR ME!
FWOOSH
OH NO. THAT MAN LOOKS REALLY SCARY...
THIS CREEP DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH.
ACK!
HEY, BOSS! CAUGHT ONE HIDING OVER HERE.


AH, THE CHILD IS IMPORTANT TO YOU? EXQUISITE.
BLACK BOLT, HELP!
I FEAR WE STRUCK PREMATURELY, BUT THIS ONE WILL PROVE USEFUL.
YOU WILL HEAR FROM ME SOON, O DOOMED KING.
BLACK BOLT!
THE--THE KID! WHERE DID SHE GO? WHO THE HELL WAS THAT? YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! HOW COULD YOU LET SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPEN? SHE'S A KID.
HOW COULD YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?
BLACK BOLT STANDS AMONG THE DEAD, HORRIFIED AND POWERLESS. TITANIA'S QUESTION ECHOES IN HIS HEAD.
EVEN IF HE COULD SPEAK, HE WOULD HAVE NO ANSWER.
TO BE CONTINUED

SOUND OFF!

We want to hear from you! Send your emails to **mheroes@marvel.com** and please mark them **"OKAY TO PRINT."**

Welcome back, Boltagons!

We're going full-tilt in our Legacy arc—and now you're starting to see what that word means for Black Bolt. He may not be king anymore, but the weight of the crown hasn't disappeared. Good thing Lash is here to relieve him of it, right? Well, maybe not so good for Blinky.

Stay tuned for the daring rescue attempt! And in the meantime, keep writing in. Christian and Saladin are slaving away on issue #10, but we want to send a big THANK YOU from the whole team to all of you: Thanks for buying and reading our strange book about a stranded king, and for all the beautiful letters you've sent. Here are a few of our favorites from the past two months. 'Til next time, friends!

Hi to the BLACK BOLT team:

I just wanted to share this Black Bolt picture I did as part of the Inktober challenge this year. Hope you like it.

Really enjoying the series. Keep up the great work.

Stephen C. Ward

****

Saladin and Christian,

My first real exposure to Black Bolt was the INHUMANS arc by Paul Jenkins and Jae Lee--brilliant art and storytelling, an amazing plot, fantastic characters and a silent-but-powerful Black Bolt who leaped off the page. From that moment, Black Bolt was one of my favorites. While it's strange to see him so chatty right now, and while he hasn't really had the chance to show off that incredible intellect that accompanies all of his other super-traits, this little series you have going is the most excited I've been for a new Marvel book in a long time. The art and paneling are fantastic, the dialogue is sharp and witty, and we're getting to see enlightening new aspects from old familiar faces, including from BB himself. Not to mention the social questions you're raising--important, timely and as old as recorded history.

Ryan Fairchild
Wilmington, NC

****

Hey Saladin, Christian and Frazer,

Wow! Frazer's art was breathtaking. It's just a pity that it's all computer-generated so there are no original pages for fanboys like me to buy.

Frazer lives in Seven Kings, a London suburb not far from my own, Newbury Park. Christian picks up his comics at Gosh!, the fantastic comic shop in London's Berwick Street, Soho. So these way-out-there off-world tales of the Inhuman King have a local vibe to me.

It was great catching up with Christian and meeting his charming wife and cute baby at the Lakes Comic Art Festival in October. Thanks for the sketch and signing my BLACK BOLTs, Christian. By the way, I am interested in your Steve McQueen artwork, if you can confirm what is still available.

This comic deserves a large following. Here's hoping Marvel gives it time to grow and develop the creators' visionary approach.

Be seeing you,
Bruce Marsh
Newbury Park
England

****

Hello, everyone at the BLACK BOLT throne room (or office)!

I've just finished reading issues #1 through #6 and Black Bolt whispered to me, so I was mind-blown!

To Saladin, I never thought Black Bolt could have his own standalone comic book, but you nailed it! It's a smart idea to humanize him and make him socialize since he's always the quiet guy at the top. His chemistry with others is so different when he can talk and we get a glimpse of his unseen (or shall I say, unheard) character. Creel is also a guy I sympathize with in this comic. He's like a best friend I never had. And Lockjaw is love! The outcome is a very interesting read and I got to flow well with both the comic and Black Bolt.

To Christian, I really admire your art. They capture the whole mysterious and futuristic vibe of the comic very well. I love the details you have in the backgrounds. I imagined it would have been difficult and complicated to draw. I also love the color play. The space part at the ending of issue #6 was awesome!

I really look forward to all the issues to come. The Black Bolt comic series has been a SILENT success and I would definitely recommend it. Keep up the INHUMAN work!

(P.S. Sorry for the lame puns. It has become a bad habit of mine, but I meant what I said.)

Cheers and keep BOLTing around,
Bobby Lim

****

Dear Saladin and Christian,

Black Bolt #6 was masterful. The send-off you gave to Crusher Creel was so beautiful it made me audibly whimper "no," I am not ashamed to admit. As such, I find it highly ironic that a few gorgeous pages later, after a satisfying resolution to a momentous opening arc, the letters page of self-same issue was a bit of a Crusher Creel punching bag. Your readership seem to believe that you plucked any old bland schmuck from a hat to use as a blank canvas, which gives neither you nor him the deserved credit.

I'm by no means chiding my fellow readers. I'm an unashamed Thor fanatic. No wiser than anyone else, just more obsessed. Two years ago I read every issue, every miniseries, every spin-off that's been published since JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #83. And wouldn't you know, Absorbing Man turned out to be one of the most developed, consistent, empathetic characters of the experience.

Over the years he found love, he gained self-respect, he bantered with Eric Masterson and paid cash for birthday presents and even converted to Thorism. He tried to leave super-villainy behind, only for society to repeatedly bar his way. Even in other realities like Earth-X, he exhibited a sympathetic soul. Your treatment of Creel throughout this series made me ecstatic that somebody else noticed. Such respect for ink-and-paper is commendable, both for its integrity and its increased challenge. Thank you for sharing it with the world. If this truly is Crusher's swan song, I imagine he'd be content at the justice done to him.

R.I.P. Absorbing Man, L.L.K. Black Bolt,
Phill
England

****

Saladin and Christian,

Seriously, what a wrap up to the first arc. Obviously I'm a huge fan of the Inhumans, and what you've done in this book has made me so happy. Just giving Black Bolt such an awesome, emotive story for a character that can't talk--amazing.

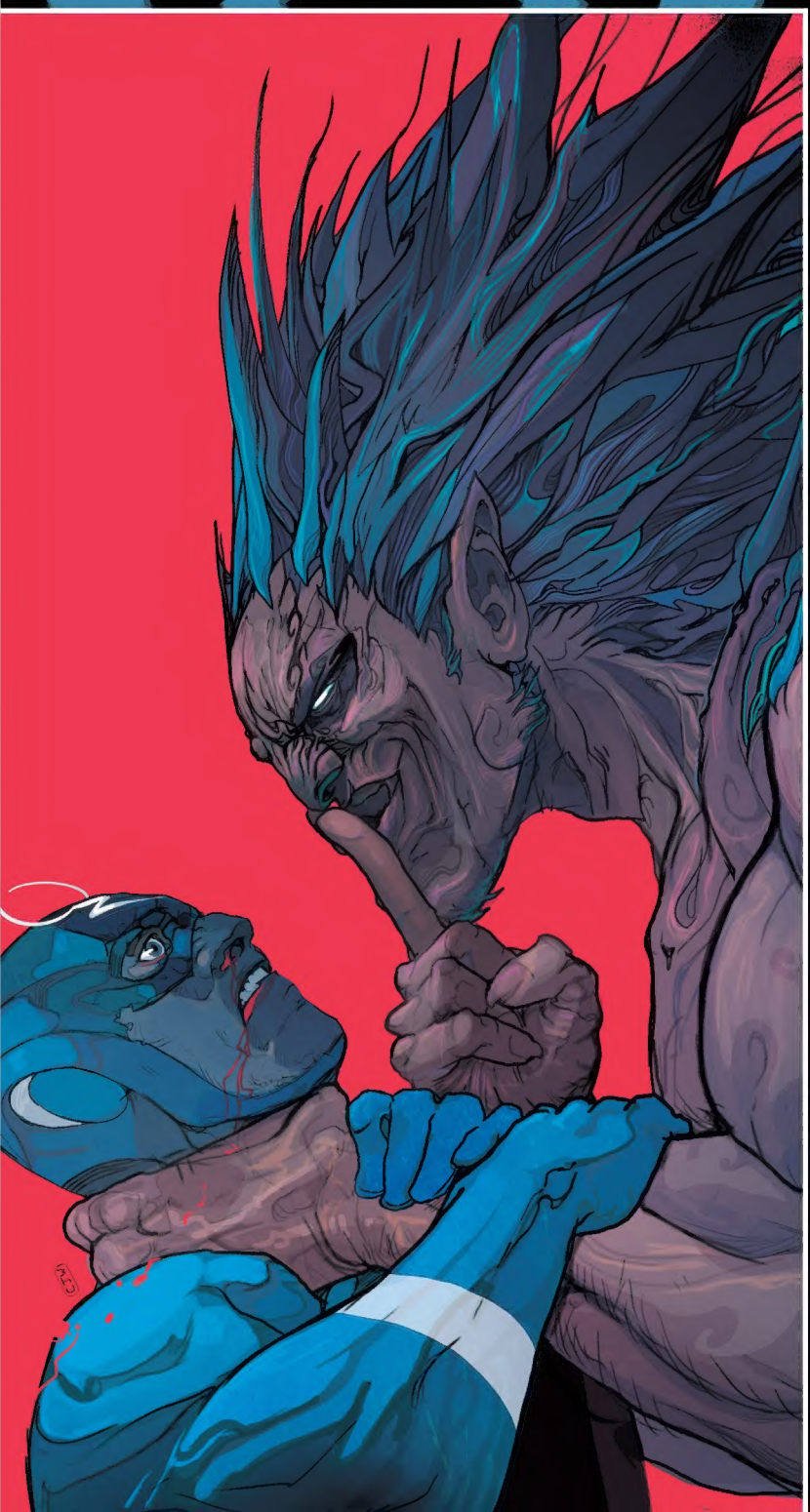
Number #6, though... I came away from it with a tear in my eye--such a sweet ending, and you know what? An ending everyone deserved, because seeing a group of people who initially had nothing in common and sometimes disliking one another, to making them into something everyone needs--a family. I'm probably talking in clichés, but with the world being what it is at the moment THIS is the book we need.

Please, both of you keep doing what you're doing. I'm hoping that Marvel makes this a 52-issue-a-year book! That'll keep you both busy!

Best Regards,
Adam

NEXT:

BLACK BOLT #10

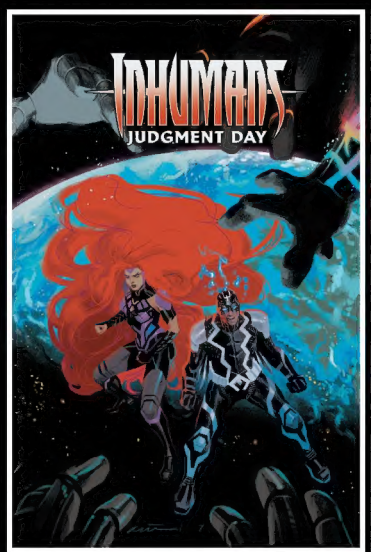


FOR MORE INHUMANS, CHECK OUT:

SECRET WARRIORS #12

MISSING MEDUSA, BLACK BOLT'S ESTRANGED WIFE?

BE SURE TO CATCH THEIR REUNION IN INHUMANS: JUDGMENT DAY #1



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